

The Sherman Cyclone

THE SHERMAN CYCLONE 4135- B2

Jim Holbert Visalia, 1940

Kind friends, if you will listen A story I will tell 'Tis of the great tornado You all remember well.

It reached the town of Sherman On the fifteenth day of May And a portion of our city Was completely swept away.

The people gay and happy In their cozy little homes They little thought so shortly They'd be forced to meet their doom.

We saw the storm approaching The cloud looked awfully black And through our little city It made a fearful track.

We saw the lightning streaming And heard the thunder roar It was the shortest moment The story soon was told.

We heard the crash of timber Of buildings tumbling down, 'Twould melt the hardest-hearted To hear the dreadful sound.